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Canada is a fertile and desirable country—if acquired by the U. S. that the surplus population of the east will go to Canada, and not as now, to the Western States—that the consequence would be to check their population and prosperity. This will endure till Canada be filled, hence it will be expedient to defer the conquest of Canada until the Western States are fully populated and their vacant lands taken up and settled ;” that, in brief, Armstrong’s opinion was that “the Virginia Dynasty will never allow to you an opportunity to take Canada.”

There are many side and local issues touched upon, and as a whole the documents are of a peculiarly interesting and valuable nature. It is to be noted that as the work advances, the editorial part is slighted and somewhat heedless. Long series of documents are printed without a single comment, and wide breaks are passed over without any word as to what was occurring. Minor details, too, display carelessness. A note on page 492 should have explained that the “Count Surveilliers” was Joseph Bonaparte. There are a good many typographical slips also, as “War” for Tar (p. 66), 1787 for 1797 (p. 107), “Coon” for Corn Market (p. 145), “possess” for profess (p. 366), and “four or five hundred dollars” for four or five hundred thousand dollars (p. 410).

PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War. By Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. HENDERSON, Major in the York and Lancaster Regiment, Professor of Military Art and History in the Staff College. (London and New York: Longmans, Green and Co. 1898. Two vols., pp. xiv, 550, 641.)

STONEWALL JACKSON was a normal human being, not a mythological creation. He was a soldier of great ability, activity and daring and not an irresponsible, erratic genius. In manner he was deferential, modest and retiring ; in the presence of women diffident to excess ; he never blustered and even on the field of battle was rarely severe except to incompetency and neglect. He judged himself more harshly than any one else did, but toward the weakness of others he had abundant charity. In religion, he was a quiet Christian gentleman, absolutely liberal and non-sectarian ; he was too catholic to be a bigot and had none of “the presumptuous fanaticism of Cromwell.” Like many another great soldier—Wolfe and Sherman for instance—he was at first thought to be “crazy,” but his foes soon found out that he was always sober and in his right mind. Marvellous and eccentric as many of his movements were they were prompted, as Napoleon said of his own, “not by genius but by thought and meditation.” He made war like a warrior of great brain and moral force, not as Blind Tom makes music, guided by whisperings no one hears but himself.

Until now General Jackson has not been fortunate in his biographers. Cooke’s book was interesting in its day, but when it was written the author had little or no access to reports and necessary data. Written in

a hurry, it rather reminds one of those hasty biographies of presidential candidates given to the public in the heat of their campaigns. Dr. Dabney's book has never been a favorite with those who were around and about Jackson in the dust and blood of his campaigns. He came to General Jackson with more training for the pulpit than for the field of battle. In his three months' service on the staff and in the army, he had no such knowledge of Jackson as the beloved and heroic Pendleton, whose untimely death deprived the army of Northern Virginia of the most brilliant staff officer in it and the South of the one man who could have written the life of his chief. Mrs. Jackson's *Life and Letters* is charming—a sweet portrait of their domestic life—the more gratifying that in her book, her good taste and good judgment carried her safely through temptations to talk and tell which have wrecked so many similar memorial reminiscences. But in Col. Henderson's book we have, at last, an elaborate and exhaustive military history and biography of Stonewall Jackson. Our hero is passed in review before a trained, scholarly and prominent English officer, who evidently has no bias in favor of the cause for which Jackson died. The reviewing officer proves to be as impartial as he is intelligent, unless it may be said that at times he is carried away by unrestrained admiration to the verge of excessive enthusiasm.

I took up the book with curiosity and anxiety, I read it with interest increasing with the chapters and I finished it with one regret—that the thousand pages were so few. I could make but one comment—"of Stonewall Jackson's military life the last word has been said."

A review of this comprehensive biography in the compass of a few thousand words is impossible.

The first thing that strikes the reader is the author's analysis of Jackson's personal character and mental equipment as bearing upon his military successes; it is most accurate and satisfactory. He seems to have made a study of the man as well as the soldier. He has truthfully fitted together the apparently disconnected parts of his make-up and has in so doing exhibited an understanding of the complex nature of the individual, such as no American biographer has attained. These portions of his book are worth careful reading by the casuist.

There is nothing in Jackson's campaigns which seems to appeal to Col. Henderson's admiration so much as the strategy of them. The author's training and large acquaintance with military history made Jackson in this regard an interesting study. Jackson was in the Mexican War as a very young man and one cannot doubt that the lesson he learned by the flank movements of the American army at Cerro Gordo and Contreras ripened into the wisdom which executed the flank movements at Second Manassas and Chancellorsville. And it should be noted in this connection that the Capt. R. E. Lee who pointed out and led the way to the two movements in Mexico, developed into the General Lee who approved and directed Jackson's two famous movements. Gen. Grant said "I never manoeuvre." Many other very great generals have done it and Grant himself when occasion required did it and, as our author inti-

mates, did it well. But Grant had always so many troops to handle that he had rather "hammer away" than manoeuvre. Jackson would have resorted to strategy if he had commanded a million men; he couldn't help it.

Col. Henderson does not fail to note that, from the beginning, Jackson took an independent view of things and was not led away by huzzas. He knew that Bull Run was not a victory for the Confederates to be very wild about (for they were outmarched and outgeneralled in the first half of the day) nor such a disgraceful rout on the part of the Federal troops, as their own papers represented it to be. It is rightfully called "a Pyrrhic Victory." One thing is certain, Jackson never was satisfied with results at Bull Run. On the other hand, he said more than once that a defeat there had been better for us, eventually.

Just at this time, fresh from the Spanish War, where newspaper correspondents possessed the earth and tried to control government and armies, it is inconceivable how Jackson could have carried on his campaigns without them; but he did. He said "My brigade is not a brigade of newspaper correspondents." Several generals talked gently on that vein in Cuba and they suffered for it. From a private at Bull Run to the command of a brigade at Appomattox, in the field and on his staff, I never saw but one reporter in Jackson's command, and he lasted about twenty-four hours. This was the secret of his secrecy and of the thunderbolt swiftness of his surprises. Col. Henderson quotes Jackson's speech to his brigade at Manassas, the only speech he ever made. Did not a newspaper man report that? There was not one present. I, then a junior lieutenant of the Second Virginia Regiment, and T. Harris Towner, the orderly sergeant, wrote that speech out from memory within fifteen minutes after its delivery, comparing every word until we thought it absolutely correct. I sent it to the Richmond *Dispatch* with a few comments. It is the only report of that speech ever made and appears in this *Life*, with little change even in the comments, and has appeared time and again.

It is not permitted to follow Jackson's Valley Campaign as pointed out by Col. Henderson with the sword of a soldier and described with the pen of a scholar. It is an art-study in war. I can only skip over it. Like many others I am not able to understand General Jackson's treatment of Garnett because of Kernstown, and cannot agree with Col. Henderson. I was in that fight, in that brigade, a lieutenant commanding the color company of the Second Virginia. I saw seven color-bearers go down in succession and I never believed we could have held that line. A braver man than Garnett never lived. I saw him in Richmond, with streaming eyes, bending over the dead body of our great chief, when it lay in state there. A year later, leading his brigade at Gettysburg in Pickett's famous charge, he fell and died almost within reach of the enemy. I am convinced that in his treatment of Garnett, Jackson erred, as our author admits he was apt to do with those next in rank to him. His relations with Winder, who succeeded Garnett, were not any more pleasant, and Winder was one of the most brilliant officers in the army.

In this connection it may be remarked that Gen. Jackson's relations with his staff were peculiar. He lived with them on intimate terms, was generally cordial and considerate of them and they were devoted to him. He would not have kept any one of them who did not have his entire confidence. Yet with them he was absolutely reticent except when the occasion made it imperative to give them his confidence and then he had no hesitation in doing so. As he did not spare himself, he worked them harder than any general in the army ; at times he seemed to think there was no limit to their endurance. Then, too, he evidently thought that the sense of duty faithfully performed was their sufficient reward, for unlike Stuart and Longstreet he took no special interest in their advancement or promotion. This was not because of indifference to them, but as he never sought promotion and only took that which came to him, it never occurred to him that they might be more like the average soldier. In fact his staff was always too small ; as a corps commander he scarcely exceeded the allowance of a general of brigade. This made it necessary for all of them to do double duty and at times it unquestionably embarrassed him, as it did in the battles around Richmond and at Second Manassas. If one or two were ill or off duty, as at Second Manassas, the work the others were forced to do was almost beyond their powers ; but they never complained. Hunter McGuire was equally willing to serve as aide-de-camp in a fight or as medical director, and Sandy Pendleton, the real adjutant-general, was anything from chief of staff to courier.

There are so many things in the description of the Valley Campaign that one would like to stop and comment on ; but the editor of this REVIEW is inexorable. For instance I would like to say why I do not believe the author's explanation of Jackson's risky and terrible march from Conrad's Store to Port Republic is satisfactory ; he could have gone by a good road over the mountain to Gordonsville and reached Staunton just as soon and as secretly. I would like to tell Col. Henderson that in following Gen. Taylor he is inaccurate in describing the appearance of Belle Boyd at Front Royal and the information she gave. It was I who called Gen. Jackson's attention to the flight of a woman from town, and he at Gen. Ewell's suggestion sent me to intercept her. I had known Belle Boyd from our childhood and was not much astonished to find her there. She gave me the message for the General clearly and rapidly, and turning back ran off to town, without speaking to any one else. I saw her again in town that day conversing with some Union officers—prisoners. Col. Henderson will find an account of this in her book, although not a very accurate one. I would like also to supplement the author's report of Jackson's night march in Winchester, which he has made so graphic, and to correct some little errors into which he has fallen in regard to Jackson's personal escape at Port Republic on that bright Sunday morning. For instance, the General was not mounted when the surprise came. He was loafing with his staff, watching their horses grazing loose on the field, and religious service had been ordered in camp. My horse was saddled to go to the blacksmith's, and as soon as the General was on his,

I followed him in John Gilpin style. I think I was the last horseman to cross the bridge. Crutchfield and Willis, who had lingered too long abed, were captured in their efforts to follow ; Crutchfield escaped in a few minutes, Willis not until the next day. The rest of the staff were scattered. I was with the General when the by-play between him and the enemy's gun took place at the bridge, as related by Col. Poague, and was amused at it. But there was a discharge of Carroll's gun, before the General would believe. He then sent me for a regiment of infantry. I met Fulkerson's Thirty-seventh Virginia coming, and hurried him on to the attack and the bridge was retaken. Then followed the attack of Frémont and the battle of Cross-Keys. Jackson wanted to "keep Sunday," but couldn't. And then the next day was the battle of Port Republic, when Jackson closed the campaign with a clap of thunder and proved that after all, in war, Providence is more apt to side with big brains than big battalions.

Jackson has been charged by military critics with violating all the rules of war by his reckless movements in this campaign and afterwards at Second Manassas ; no doubt it is true. The same charge was made against Napoleon by Wurmser in the Mantuan campaign. Rules of war are very well, but there are times when a great general sees that they must be disregarded. Jackson knew them all and he knew when to violate them. He never failed when he did ; let that be his apology.

Passing over the rest of this delightful volume, we may take up the second volume and stop to see what the author has to say of Jackson's alleged failure to co-operate on the 26th of June, just after he joined Lee at Richmond. Col. Henderson goes into this matter fully and finds full reason for Jackson's course. It may be added that General Jackson ought not to have been assigned to the extremely hazardous and delicate military duty set before him. He had just arrived from the Valley and did not know the country over which he was to operate, and a most difficult country it was. His army had been marching and fighting since early spring—was worn out—and he was not given time to take his bearings and learn a topography so altogether different from that of the Valley. And here again, his staff was not large enough to do the work he was compelled to require of them. Certainly no one with him on that occasion can recall that he let down for one moment from his unceasing "push-on ;" and if he did not accomplish the impossible, another thing is certain, it abated nothing of General Lee's admiration for him.

Skipping along in the book I would like to stop Col. Henderson and ask if he has not been too liberal in answering the criticism against the General for rushing into the battle of Cedar Mountain, without a more complete formation. It has been said that he opened that fight with the first file of fours marching in column. It seemed to his staff very much that way. He won as usual and that answers criticism generally, but perhaps he might have won with less loss. It would have gone badly with the other man if he had tried that game on Jackson.

We dare not stop even to glance at the brilliant, record-breaking

campaign against Pope, and can only touch upon a few light things about Sharpsburg. Each was a campaign in itself, and how admirably Col. Henderson has fought them. I am glad the author calls the one Sharpsburg and not Antietam. Antietam was a military misnomer; and Mr. John C. Ropes was the first northern writer to find it out.

If Napier thought it was "a very audacious resolution" for Wellington at Fuentes de Onor, with 32,000, to wait and receive the attack of Marmont with 40,000, what would he have thought of Lee at Sharpsburg with 35,000 scattered infantry offering to fight McClellan with more than twice that number?

Just here, there is a question claiming the attention of the present-day historian of Sharpsburg; did General Jackson concur with General Lee in making the fight on the north side of the Potomac? Col. Henderson takes it for granted that he did. I think there can be no doubt of that. I recollect that just as Harper's Ferry surrendered Jackson received a message from Lee—who did not know of the surrender—to take position on the south bank of the Potomac at Shepherdstown and cover his crossing. Pendleton told me that Jackson replied he would join him at Sharpsburg. Equally I do not believe that General Jackson advised retreat across the Potomac at the end of the first day, for he wanted to attack on the second. I never heard of that until I read it in Col. Henderson's book. The author gives Sharpsburg full consideration and we cannot deal with it briefly, for it was not only the bloodiest battle of the war (except perhaps Chickamauga) but on the Confederate side it was the best fought.

When one reflects that Fitz-John Porter saved the Army of the Potomac at Richmond, and that "Baldy" Smith saved it at Antietam, it seems hard fate that, in the end, these two friends of McClellan were dealt with even more harshly than he was; and when the recollection is followed by another, that McClellan himself, the only man in that army who could have put it in shape to make the fight as it did at Sharpsburg, was summarily removed from command and the blunderer at Burnside's Bridge put in his place, language of surprise and disgust becomes bewildered. With a fresh corps of 13,000 men, Burnside should have routed Lee's army before Hill arrived; no words can do more than justice to Hill's great service just in the nick of time. No one who knew the field and the situation well and who was with Lee and Jackson in the stress of that last hour, just before Hill, in his red battle-shirt, threw his irresistible veterans into the breach, can agree with Col. Henderson in the mildness with which he treats Burnside's failure or the mild credit he gives to A. P. Hill. The author has told the full story of Fredericksburg, where Burnside fought and lost. I shall not stop at Chancellorsville where Stonewall Jackson died; it is a theme in itself and Col. Henderson has given to it his best thought and speech. It is interesting to note in passing that to the skill and activity of Fitzhugh Lee—of late, much in the eyes of our people—the author thinks "the victory at Chancellorsville was in great part due."

Col. Henderson's thrilling final chapter on Jackson as "The Soldier and the Man," his comments on the American generals, the two armies, their discipline, or want of it, and their general characteristics, we must leave without comment to the readers.

These two volumes will delight the soul of many an "old Confed.," although here and there the pages will grow dim and misty. The hours of the night will pass away in reading the fascinating pages, and when they are finished they will be laid aside with feelings akin to those of a little squad of old veterans who, found lying about the statue of Jackson at Richmond the morning after it was unveiled, gave as their reason—"We wanted to sleep with the old man just once more."

HY. KYD DOUGLAS.

Ulysses S. Grant, his Life and Character. By HAMLIN GARLAND.
(New York: Doubleday-McClure Co. 1898. Pp. xix, 524.)

THE content and method of Mr. Garland's book may be succinctly expressed by paraphrasing the title: The character of Ulysses S. Grant as revealed in the story of his life. Mr. Garland has not written a military history of Grant nor a political history of the years of his public career, although the latter field is not preoccupied. His book "is not perhaps everything that is understood by the word biography. . . . It is an attempt at characterization." The treatment is not analytical, but purely narrative. One after another the scenes of Grant's life are passed in chronological order before the mind of the reader like objects before a sensitive plate. At the end a reflecting reader will find in his mind a composite picture of Grant's character more or less distinct.

This method need not be expected to commend itself to all. But some things can be said in its justification. Suffice it to say here that an enterprising writer and some enterprising publishers (of *McClure's Magazine*) have favored the public with an interesting and instructive story, though it be but a variation of a familiar theme.

The material for the period of Grant's public life was superabundant and had to be reduced. For the other periods new matter has been sought in newspaper files and by interviewing old acquaintances. Two-fifths of the space is devoted to the period before his capture of Fort Donelson and of national fame; another two-fifths to the period from 1862 to 1869; and the last one hundred pages to the remaining sixteen years of his life.

Sketched in briefest outline this is the man who is revealed to us in Mr. Garland's pages: Though reticent, he was not a dullard and was proficient in mathematics; he had great managing ability of a certain sort; the team he drove was the best kept and could haul the biggest loads of any in the neighborhood; he was a successful regimental quartermaster in the field with Taylor and Scott. He was cool, clear-headed and quick-witted in the emergencies of battle. His persistence was indomitable; defeats were but the occasions for making more adequate preparations. He made progress in military science; for, though he withdrew